

TEISCDE T.C.

Working Title: "DR AHC AND THE MOLE-BORE"

by

Don Houghton.

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orkin, Titles:

"BY THE NAME OF THE LORD"

CAST:

DR. LHC.
LIZ SHAW.
BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE STEWART.
PROFESSOR ERIC STAHLMAN.
SIR KEITH MULVANEY.
GREG BUTTON.
PETRA WILLIAMS.
UNIT SERGEANT.
UNIT SOLDIER N/S.
TECHNICIAN N/S.
HARRY GLOUM N/S.

EXTRAS: UNIT SOLDIERS, TECHNICIANS, MAINTENANCE MEN,
MEDICS.

* * *

SETS:

CENTRAL CONTROL Could be Composite.
DRILL-HEAD AREA.
DOCTOR'S HUT.
BRIGADIER'S OFFICE.
MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEUS REACTOR.

* * *

EXTERIORS:

ROADWAY INSIDE THE COMPLEX.
ROOFTOP, NUCLEUS REACTOR.
ROADWAY BENEATH THE ROOFTOP.
OUTSIDE THE OPERATIONAL BUILDING.
OUTSIDE THE DOCTOR'S HUT.

EPISODE

WHO AND THE HOLE-BORE "

By

Don Houghton.

OPENING TITLES AND CREDITS.

1. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEUR REACTOR. TIME: AS AT THE END OF EP 1.

THE SCENE AS WE LEFT IT AT THE END OF EP 1, WITH SLOCUM SNARLING AND SCREECHING AT THE DOCTOR, THE BRIGADIER, HIS SERGEANT AND THE UNIT SOLDIER, WHO ARE CROWDED INTO THE DOORWAY.

THEN WE MOVE IN CLOSE ON SLOCUM'S HANDS AND ARMS, HOLDING DOWN THE MAIN POWER CONTROL TO 'PULL OUT-PUT'.

BACK TO THE BRIGADIER AND HIS SERGEANT AS THEY MAKE A MOVE FORWARD. THE DOCTOR RESTRAINS THEM.

DR WHO: (URGENTLY) Don't move!
Don't antagonise him!

THE UNIT SOLDIER HAS TAKEN UP A POSITION BESIDE THE WALL. VERY QUIETLY HE SNICKS THE SAFETY CATCH OFF HIS RIFLE AND COCKS IT.

CUT TO:

2. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA, SAME TIME.

THE EMERGENCY IS AT ITS HEIGHT NOW. THE TECHNICIANS ARE GETTING VERY JITTERY. THEY KEEP LOOKING APPREHENSIVELY AT THE ESCAPING STEAM AND VAPOUR FROM THE PIPES AND CABLES.

CUT TO:

3. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR, SAME TIME.

THERE'S AN IMPASSE HERE. SLOCUM IS STILL AT THE MONITORING DESK, STILL DEFYING ANYONE TO COME NEAR HIM.

BUT, UNSEEN BY THE OTHER THREE, THE SOLDIER BEGINS TO EDGE QUIETLY ROUND, INTENT ON JUMPING SLOCUM FROM THE SIDE.

CUT TO:

4. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL, SAME TIME.

STILL THE EMERGENCY CONTINUES.

IN THE CORNER A TEAM OF MEN DRESSED IN SPECIAL 'DISASTER SUITS' IS ASSEMBLING READY TO GO INTO ACTION. THE OUTFITS THEY WEAR MAKE THEM LOOK LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN ASTRONAUTS AND FIRE-FIGHTERS. SUTTON IS WITH THEM, READY TO LEND A HAND.

STAHLMAN AND PETRA ARE OVER AT A PANEL OF GAUGES AND DIALS. SIR KEITH IS CLOSE BY.

IN THE B.G. THE TECHNICIAN AT THE WALL PHONE (SC 33, EP 1) HAS GIVEN UP TRYING TO RAISE THE MAIN SWITCH ROOM. HE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND RETURNS TO HIS POST.

CUT TO:

5. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR, SAME TIME.

TOO LATE THE DOCTOR HAS SPOTTED THE SOLDIER MOVING. BY NOW THE MAN IS FAIRLY CLOSE TO SLOCUM. HE LIFTS HIS RIFLE. SLOCUM SEES THE SUDDEN MOVEMENT. WITH A FURIOUS SCREECH HE RUSHES THE SOLDIER.

THE SOLDIER STAGGERS BACK UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT. SLOCUM APPEARS TO HAVE INCREDIBLE STRENGTH. THE SOLDIER'S JACKET IS RIPPED BY SLOCUM'S CLAW-LIKE HANDS. THE SERGEANT AND THE BRIGADIER DART FORWARD TO HELP THE MAN - BUT SLOCUM NOW HAS A GRIP ON THE SOLDIER'S NECK. HE TIGHTENS THE PRESSURE.

AND THEN THERE IS A MUFFLED REPORT FROM THE SOLDIER'S RIFLE. SLOCUM GIVES OUT WITH A TERRIFYING SCREAM OF ANGUISH.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL, SAME TIME.

THE CRISIS IS AT ITS PEAK AND EVEN STAHLMAN IS AGITATED. PETRA REAPS FROM A DIAL.

PETRA: The coolant is going in at maximum flow, Professor.

STAHLMAN: Good.

PETRA: We're still not at Red-One Emergency Stations yet...

STAHLMAN: (SNAPS) I know that!

PETRA: Should I give the order...

STAHLMAN: No! It'll be alright, I tell you. It'll be alright!

BUT THERE'S A NOTE OF DESPERATION IN HIS VOICE. HE LOOKS OVER TO THE WALL PHONE.

STAHLMAN: (SHOUTS) Has anyone got through to the nuclear reactor yet?

HE SEES THAT THERE IS NO ONE THERE HE HURRIES QUICKLY OVER TO THE UNATTENDED PHONE.

STAHLMAN: (ANGRILY) Why is there no one at this phone?

HE PICKS IT UP AND STARTS JIGGLING THE RECIEVER.

CUT TO:

7. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR, SAME TIME.

SLOCUM HAS RETREATED TO A CORNER OF THE ROOM. HE COWERS THERE, WOUNDED AND SCREECHING, COVERED BY THE BRIGADIER AND HIS REVOLVER.

THE SERGEANT IS BENDING OVER THE SOLDIER WHO HAS COLLAPSED TO THE FLOOR, HIS JACKET IN TATTERS AND WITH THE MATERIAL NOW SMOULDERING, AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN SCORCHED!

THE DOCTOR IS BY THE TECHNICIAN WHO IS BEGINNING TO STIR.

A PHONE ON THE MONITORING DESK STARTS RINGING URGENTLY.

THE DOCTOR STRAIGHTENS UP AND MOVES TO THE MONITORING DESK, BUT KEEPING A WARY EYE ON SLOCUM.

more.

HE IGNORES THE PHONE AND IS ABOUT TO GRAB THE MAIN POWER CONTROL LEVER - BUT HIS HAND STOPS AN INCH OR TWO FROM IT. HE JERKS IT BACK JUST IN TIME. THE CONTROL IS RED HOT. HE LOOKS AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO USE TO SHIFT THE CONTROL WITHOUT BURNING HIMSELF. HE TAKES A LARGE SCREWDRIVER FROM THE DESK AND GINGERLY USES IT TO EDGE THE MAIN POWER CONTROL BACK TO NORMAL.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THE WARNING LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLICKER OUT.

IN THE MEANTIME, SLOCUM HAS STOPPED SCREECHING. VERY SLOWLY HIS BODY SLIDES DOWN THE WALL, LEAVING A SCORCH MARK BEHIND IT. FINALLY HE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR AND LIES STILL.

CAUTIOUSLY THE BRIGADIER ADVANCES TOWARDS THE BODY.

DR WHO: Don't touch him! Look at the scorch mark on the wall.

THE BRIGADIER STOPS. THE DOCTOR PICKS UP THE RINGING PHONE.

DR WHO: (INTO THE PHONE) Hello!

AND THEN HE HOLDS THE EARPIECE AT ARM'S LENGTH AS WE HEAR STAHLMAN'S VOICE BELLOWING THROUGH. THE DOCTOR SHRUGS AND REPLACES THE PHONE BACK ON THE RECEIVER. HE LOOKS OVER TOWARDS SLOCUM.

DR WHO: Now, let's see what we have here.

HE APPROACHES SLOCUM VERY SLOWLY

CUT TO:

8. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA. SAME TIME.

GRADUALLY, ONE BY ONE, THE EMERGENCY WARNINGS AND SIGNALS FLICKER OFF. THE ALARMS BECOME SILENT AS THE POWER SURGE DIMINISHES. THE TECHNICIANS EXCHANGE RELIEVED GLANCES.

CUT TO:

9. INT. CONTROL ROOM, SAME TIME.

THE MAIN THING HAPPENING HERE. THINGS ARE ONLY BEGINNING TO RETURN TO NORMAL.

STAHLMAN, STILL AT THE WALL PHONE, JIGGLING THE DIALS FURIOUSLY, STOPS AS HE REALIZES THAT THE EMERGENCY IS PASSING. HE REPLACES THE PHONE AND LOOKS OVER TO SIR KEITH IN TRIUMPH.

STAHLMAN: You see?

SIR KEITH SITS DOWN HEAVILY IN THE NEAREST CHAIR AND CLOSES HIS EYES. IN WEARY RELIEF. HE'S BADLY SHAKEN.

STAHLMAN: (TO THE ROOM IN GENERAL) You see? The emergency is contained!

SUTTON DETACHES HIMSELF FROM THE 'DISASTER SQUAD' AND COMES OVER TO STAHLMAN.

SUTTON: (QUIETLY) But it was an emergency.

STAHLMAN: The main operation was not at fault. It was some maniac in the nuclear reactor. That power surge could not have been foreseen. But I'll have the person responsible disciplined and kicked out of this establishment!

AND STAHLMAN GOES BACK TO HIS WORK. SUTTON TRIES TO CATCH PETRA'S EYE, BUT SHE FOLLOWS THE PROFESSOR BACK TO THE DIALS AND GAUGES.

CUT TO:

10. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR, SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR IS KNEELING BESIDE SLOCUM, EXAMINING HIM WITHOUT TOUCHING HIM. THE BRIGADIER STANDS BEHIND, WATCHING.

THE SERGEANT IS AT THE TELEPHONE, RELAYING INSTRUCTIONS QUIETLY TO A MEDICAL SQUAD.

THE TECHNICIAN IS CONSCIOUS AGAIN AND IS SITTING IN A CHAIR. THE SOLDIER ON THE FLOOR SITS UP.

THE DOCTOR RISES AND FROWNS DOWN AT THE BODY OF SLOCUM.

BRIGADIER: Dead ?

DR. WHO: Yes, (PAUSE) Now.

BRIGADIER: What do you mean - now ?

DR. WHO: He should have died the moment that bullet entered his body. Obviously it went straight through his heart.

BRIGADIER: You must be wrong. The man didn't collapse for at least two or three minutes !

DR. WHO: You know that I am very rarely wrong.

THE SERGEANT COMES AWAY FROM THE PHONE.

SERGEANT: Medical Squad on its way over, sir.

BRIGADIER: Good.

DR. WHO: (INDICATING SLOCUM) They'd better not touch him for a while. His body is radiating a lot of heat.

BRIGADIER: Heat ?

DR. WHO: Heat. Like the wrench that killed the first soldier. (BEAT) I'd throw a security curtain round this lot, if I was you.

THE SOLDIER HAS GOT TO HIS FEET AND SITS DOWN BESIDE THE TECHNICIAN. BOTH MEN ARE STRANGELY QUIET.

BRIGADIER: (TO THE SERGEANT) How are Peters and the technician ?

SERGEANT: They look badly shaken, sir, but I think they'll be alright till the Medics arrive.

THE SOLDIER NODS, VAGUELY.

SERGEANT: (LOW) Shock more than anything else, I'd say.

BRIGADIER: (LOW) Enough to throw a scare into anyone.

SERGEANT: Slocum's hands, sir...

BRIGADIER: Yes, I knew.

THEY TURN BACK AND WATCH THE DOCTOR AS HE EXAMINES SLOCUM AGAIN.

HE MOVES OVER TO THE SOLDIER AND THE TECHNICIAN. VERY SLOWLY THEY TURN AND STARE AT EACH OTHER. THEN THEY LOOK DOWN AT THEIR HANDS AND ARMS - WHICH ARE NOW COVERED WITH THAT BRILLIANT GREEN STAIN.

CUT TO:

TE 1. Ext. Roadway inside the Complex.
Day.

An ambulance drives down a roadway inside the Complex at full speed, on its way to the Nuclear Reactor Building.

Mix to:

11. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. A LITTLE LATER.

THE SCENE HAS RETURNED TO ONE OF ORDERLY ACTIVITY. THE 'DISASTER SQUAD' ARE DISPERSING AND THE TENSION IS RELAXING.

(C.I: 5 HRS: 33MINS. DEPTH: 105,950FT

BUT SIR KEITH IS STILL WORRIED AND UPSET. HE MOVES OVER TO WHERE STAHLMAN AND PETRA ARE WORKING. SUTTON JOINS THEM BUT KEEPS IN THE B.G.

SIR KEITH: (TENSE) Professor, may I have a word with you?

STAHLMAN: (BRUSQUE) I'm very busy.

SIR KEITH: This is urgent.

STAHLMAN: Well?

SIR KEITH: I want to propose that the whole of the Mele-Bore project be suspended.

STAHLMAN: What?

SIR KEITH: Until such times as further tests are carried out and more research...

STAHLMAN: (ABRUPTLY) Don't be a fool!

SIR KEITH: I implore you to consider this carefully, Professor Stahlman. A disaster has narrowly been averted. This proves that the project still has many flaws. There are still problems to be solved...

STAHLMAN: (ICY) There are no flaws and all the problems have been solved to my satisfaction. There is no question whatsoever of the project being suspended - or even slowed down. At this very moment, Sir Keith, I am looking for ways to accelerate our drilling programme.

SIR KEITH: Accelerate ? That's madness !

STAHLMAN: If you find the excitement just a little too rich for your blood - then I suggest you resign - preferably before the final countdown.

AND STAHLMAN WALKS AWAY TO THE FAR END OF CENTRAL CONTROL. SIR KEITH STARES AFTER HIM INCREDULOUSLY. PETRA TURNS BACK TO HER WORK. SUTTON MOVES IN CLOSER TO SIR KEITH.

SIR KEITH: (HUSHED) Accelerate...

SUTTON: (QUIETLY) Why worry, Sir Keith ? You've made your protest, if anything goes wrong they can hardly blame you.

SIR KEITH: Do you know anything about volcanoes, Mr Sutton ?

SUTTON: Not a lot.

SIR KEITH: They have a fury and a power terrifying to behold. They are the closest things you will ever see to an inferno on this earth. They are angry, ferocious monsters, Mr Sutton.

SUTTON: The Mole-Bore isn't a volcano.

SIR KEITH: We're trying to tap the same energies. The same awesome power. But at least a volcano has a thick plug of molten rock acting as a safety valve. Our shaft has no such plug. (BEAT) I'm not the genius that Stahlman is - but I am still a scientist - and I do have an opinion, even though he would dismiss it.

AND HE MOVES AWAY, SLOWLY SHAKING HIS HEAD. SUTTON TURNS TO PETRA.

SUTTON: Listen, does your Professor Stahlman really know what he's going to find at the bottom of that shaft ?

PETRA: An energy source.

SUTTON: Controllable ?

PUTA: Theoretically, for Sutton, there is no reason why the energy shouldn't be successfully tapped...

SUTTON: Theoretically? Doesn't anyone know for sure?

BUT PUTA DOESN'T FEEL INCLINED TO CONTINUE WITH THE CONVERSATION. SHE TURNS BACK TO HER WORK. A PROLONGED SILENCE OCCURS. SUTTON'S FACE.

CUT TO:

PL 2. Rooftop, Nuclear Reactor. Day.

This is a flat rooftop overlooking the Complex. Ideally it is the roof of the Nuclear Reactor - and to identify there should be a sign: TO THE MAIN SWITCH ROOM and an arrow pointing off.

The BRIGADIER and the DOCTOR come in from that direction. They go to the railing at the edge and look out over the Complex. The BRIGADIER looks shaken, the DOCTOR thoughtful.

A pause, then the BRIGADIER speaks.

BRIGADIER: I shouldn't like to go through that again.

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) No. Not at all pleasant.

BRIGADIER: What did happen to Slocum?

DR WHO: Some sort of massive degeneration of the body cells. One might say a retrogradation.

BRIGADIER: I don't understand.

DR WHO: Neither do I - not fully. Not yet.

BRIGADIER: It looked as though he was turning into some sort of monster.

DR WHO: Yes. A monster. But the process was relatively slow. And it wasn't completed.

BRIGADIER: I'm going to have the very devil of a job keeping this quiet. One of those Medics is bound to talk.

DR WHO: (IGNORING THIS: STILL DEEP IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS) But why wasn't the metamorphosis completed? And why didn't Slocum kill the Nuclear Technician - just as he killed your two soldiers earlier?

BRIGADIER: He seemed to have incredible strength in those grotesque arms. And that screeching noise... Have you ever heard anything like it before?

DR. WHO: Yes. Once. Much louder of course - but it was basically the same noise.

BRIGADIER: Where?

DR. WHO: Krakatoa - in the Sunda Straits.

BRIGADIER: Krakatoa?!

DR. WHO: In 1883, as I recall, I visited the area in the Fardis when the island was erupting. As the volcano exploded the air was rent by that screeching noise.

BRIGADIER: Are you suggesting that there's some link between Slocum and the eruption of Krakatoa - nearly a hundred years ago?

DR. WHO: I'm saying that the sound was the same.

Just then the SERGEANT comes running in.

SERGEANT: (BREATHLESSLY)
Excuse me, sir.

BRIGADIER: Yes?

SERGEANT: It's Peters and the technician. They've disappeared.

BRIGADIER: What?

SERGEANT: Just upped and did a bunk, sir, before the Medics could have a look at them.

DR. WHO: (QUIETLY) I think you'd better find them, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: Come on, Sergeant.

The SERGEANT and the BRIGADIER move out quickly in the direction of the Main Switch Room.

The DOCTOR returns to his contemplation of the view.

DR. WHO: (TO HIMSELF) M'mm, Krakatoa. Spectacular sight...

And then, from behind him, we hear that screeching sound. For a moment the DOCTOR believes he is re-hearing the noise in his imagination.

DR. WHO: (STILL TO HIMSELF)
Yes, that was the sound alright. Sort of screeching...

He does a double take as he suddenly realises that the sound is real. He swings quickly round.

Advancing slowly towards him is Peters, the SOLDIER. As yet his hands and arms haven't undergone the change - but the green stain has spread and the tatters of his jacket are beginning to smoulder again.

DR. WHO: Peters...

From the SOLDIER's mouth comes that screeching sound. In his hands he holds his rifle by the barrel, like a club. He continues to advance menacingly towards the DOCTOR.

DR. WHO: Peters... They're looking for you.

The SOLDIER runs forward, his eyes blazing furiously, the screeching noise getting louder. He swings the rifle at the DOCTOR's head.

DR. WHO: Wait...

The DOCTOR moves quickly aside and the rifle misses him by inches. He tries to manoeuvre himself behind the SOLDIER, but the man turns and comes at him again. Once more the DOCTOR takes evasive action - but this time he finds himself jammed up against the railings with no retreat. The SOLDIER turns and sees that the DOCTOR is trapped. Still swinging the club violently he charges. Just in the nick of time the DOCTOR side-steps. The SOLDIER's frantic momentum carries him forward - and over the rail. There's a screeching scream as the man falls.

Very slowly the DOCTOR turns and looks over the rail.

Roadway beneath the DOCTOR.

From the DOCTOR's P.O.V. We see the body of the SOLDIER sprawled out below. Some UNIT sentries run towards him. The DOCTOR calls down to them.

DR. WHO: (SHOUTS) Don't touch him! Whatever you do - don't touch him!

Roof-top, Nuclear reactor.

And the DOCTOR hurries away from the railings - and moves quickly off.

For a moment the rooftop appears to be empty. Then, from the far corner, from behind a duct or a wall, the TECHNICIAN emerges. The green stain has spread over him, too. He gives out with a low, muttered screech and then disappears again stealthily.

Fix to:

12. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR. SAME TIME.

TWO MEDICS ARE PULLING A SHEET OVER SLOCUM'S BODY, WHICH HAS PREVIOUSLY BEEN COVERED WITH SILVER FOIL. THE BODY HAS ALREADY BEEN PLACED ON A STRETCHER, ALSO COVERED WITH SILVER FOIL. THE MEDICS ARE WEARING GLOVES.

THERE IS A NEW TECHNICIAN AT THE MONITORING DESK.

THE SERGEANT AND THE BRIGADIER ARE TALKING OVER BY THE DOOR.

BRIGADIER: ...And Lieutenant Munroe and his men will search Sectors 20 and 21. And warn them that this whole operation is to have a complete Security Black Out. If I catch anyone shooting off his mouth - he'll be in trouble.

SERGEANT: Very good, sir.

THE SERGEANT IS ABOUT TO MOVE OUT WHEN THE DOCTOR COMES IN.

DR. WHO: I've found your man Peter! (RUEFULLY) Or, at least, he found me.

BRIGADIER: Where?

DR. WHO: Up on the rooftop. Just after you left. He attacked me...

THE BRIGADIER TURNS TO HURRY AWAY BUT THE DOCTOR HOLDS HIM BACK.

DR. WHO: He's not there now. He fell to his death. (BEAT) I'm sorry.

THEY MOVE ASIDE AS THE MEDICS CARRY OUT THE STRETCHER WITH SLOCUM'S FOIL-WRAPPED, SHEET-COVERED BODY ON IT.

AFTER A PAUSE:

BRIGADIER: Peters attacked you?

DR. WHO: Yes. I'd say he was - infected. I noticed. I noticed a brilliant green stain on the exposed parts of his skin. He's lying in the roadway outside.

BRIGADIER: Sergeant, inform the medics. And make sure that no one else goes anywhere near Peters' body. Maintain the search for the technician.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

HE SALUTES AND DOUBLES AWAY.

DR. WHO: Perhaps this - this contagion - is only carried by a living body, but it's better not to take any risks.

BRIGADIER: Where did it come from? Where's the source?

DR. WHO: I have a theory.

BRIGADIER: (SOURLY) Concerning Krakatoa?

DR. WHO: It gave me the clue. However, in the meantime, I think Professor Stahlman and Sir Keith ought to know about all this.

BRIGADIER: Yes. Definitely.

THEY EXIT QUICKLY.

MIX TO:

13. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA. A LITTLE LATER.

STAHLMAN IS BUSY CHECKING SOME FIGURES HE HAS ON A CLIPBOARD AGAINST A ROW OF GAUGES.

PETRA COMES IN AND GOES STRAIGHT TO STAHLMAN.

PETRA: Professor...

STAHLMAN: (EXCITEDLY) According to my calculations, Miss Williams, I can increase the drilling programme up to 12% without any adverse effects. This will advance our time of penetration of the Earth's crust by nearly five hours!

PETRA: Professor, can you come into Central Control?

STAHLMAN: What is it now?

PETRA: Something I think you ought to see.

STAHLMAN TAKES A SHEET OF PAPER AND HIS CLIPBOARD AND HOLLS UP PETRA CUT.

CUT TO:

14. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. SAME TIME.

(C.I. 57HRS: 51M INS. DEPTH: 10,000.

PETRA AND STAHLMAN COME IN. IN THE CENTRE OF THE CONTROL AREA A SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE ARE BUNCHED AROUND A TROLLEY ON WHICH STANDS A THICK, REINFORCED METAL BOX, ABOUT TWICE THE SIZE OF A LARGE BISCUIT TIN. A WHITE-COATED LABORATORY TECHNICIAN, WEARING ASBESTOS GAUNTLETS, HAS JUST BROUGHT IT IN. AMONGST THE GROUP ARE SIR KEITH, SUTTON AND LIZ.

STAHLMAN ELBOWS HIS WAY THROUGH THEM TO THE TROLLEY.

STAHLMAN: What is it?

THE TECHNICIAN, ON A NOD FROM PETRA, UNCLIPS THE LID OF THE BOX AND CAREFULLY TAKES OUT A THICK GLASS, SEALED JAR. INSIDE IT THERE IS A GLUTINOUS, EVIL-LOOKING SUBSTANCE. THE STUFF SQUIRMS, BUBBLES AND SENDS OUT SPARKS OF WHITE HOT ENERGY. IT SEEMS AS THOUGH IT IS ALMOST ALIVE.

PETRA: We've been getting some traces of this stuff in Number 2 Output Pipe for some hours. Now it's beginning to come up in greater quantities.

IN THE B.G. DR WHO AND THE BRIGADIER COME INTO CENTRAL CONTROL. THEY MOVE STRAIGHT OVER TO THE GROUP. THE BRIGADIER IS ABOUT TO SPEAK TO STAHLMAN, BUT THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS HEAD. THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO DISTRACT THE PROFESSOR.

STAHLMAN IS EXAMINING THE JAR CLOSELY.

STAHLMAN: Analysis report?

PETRA: None. So far the substance has defied analysts, Professor.

STAHLMAN: Impossible.

PETRA: _____

DR. WHO: They say they can't get
hot near enough to the stuff to carry out a
proper examination. It took them all their
time to syphon some into that heat- resis-
tant jar.

STAHLMAN: (COUNTS) Well, we'll
have to wait until it cools down a bit, that's
all.

DR. WHO: (QUIETLY) I doubt if it
will cool down.

STAHLMAN: (SNAPS) Who the devil
asked you?

DR. WHO: Just venturing an opinion.

STAHLMAN: Based on what?

DR. WHO: Krakatoa, actually.

SILENTLY THE BRIGADIER RAISES HIS
EYES TO THE HEAVENS.

STAHLMAN: (SHRUGS) The man is
quite mad.

BRIGADIER: (IN QUICKLY) Professor
I have to speak to you and Sir Keith on a
matter of great urgency.

STAHLMAN: I haven't time...

BRIGADIER: I must insist you make
time, sir. This is vital.

STAHLMAN: Talk to him. (INDICATES
SIR KEITH) He ought to start earning his
keep.

BRIGADIER: (LOW) In the past few
hours, Professor, four men have died in
this establishment. Died violently. (BEAT)
I must talk to you. Both. In my office.
Please.

STAHLMAN AND SIR KEITH FOLLOW THE
BRIGADIER OUT.

THE DOCTOR MOVES UP CLOSER TO
THE JAR AND EXAMINES IT. THE RE-
MAINDER OF THE GROUP DISPERSE
AND GET BACK TO THEIR POSTS.

LIZ JOINS THE DOCTOR.

DR. WHO: I wish I could hear it,
Liz.

LIZ: Hear it?

DR. WHO: (THOUGHTFULLY) I wonder if it screeches?

LIZ: Doctor.

DR. WHO: Atomic?

LIZ: I think you ought to come and have a look at the main computer.

THE DOCTOR TURNS TO HER.

DR. WHO: Something interesting?

LIZ: Something downright frightening, if you ask me!

HE FOLLOWS HER OVER TO THE COMPUTER.

WE MOVE AWAY TO SUTTON AND PETRA IN ANOTHER PART OF CENTRAL CONTROL.

SUTTON: I think it's about time I earned my keep, too.

PETRA: How do you propose to do that, Mr Sutton?

SUTTON: I once saw a really deep bore 'blow' in Maracaibo, Venezuela. Just a couple of years back. Gas shot up in a giant spout - and then it ignited. Scorched and burnt everything in the vicinity. Killed twenty one men. It took us two and a half months to snuff it out - but not before it had wrecked a nearby town.

PETRA: That won't happen here.

SUTTON: Can you guarantee that?

PETRA: We have a very sophisticated 'tapping' system.

SUTTON: Chief Engineer at Maracaibo said exactly the same thing. (PAUSE) I had a theory on how to stop the fire before it started. Thought I might put it into practice here.

PETRA: I thought you didn't approve of theories.

SUTTON: Seems that theories are all you've got to work on here. My plan is to lay on a pipeline of coolant to encircle the head of the shaft. If the bore 'blows' the coolant might just help to neutralise the gas and the heat.

PETRA: We're syphoning Atellascine down to the drill-bit all the time, Sir Sutton.

SUTTON: Atellascine? That's the new stuff, isn't it? Pretty good, they say. Well, it wouldn't harm to have a supply of it at the drill-head - just in case. Wouldn't take more than a couple of hours to lay some temporary pipes.

PETRA: (SHRUGS) It might help, Sir Sutton.

SUTTON: Why don't you call me 'Greg'?

CUT BACK TO LIZ AND THE DOCTOR.
HE IS CONTEMPLATING A WHOLE
STREAM OF DATA THAT IS BEING TRANSMITTED BY THE COMPUTER. HIS
EXPRESSION IS GRIM.

DR WHO: Has Stahlman seen this?

LIZ: Yes.

DR WHO: And what was his reaction?

LIZ: Completely negative.

THE DOCTOR RAISES HIS EYEBROWS
AND LOOKS OVER TOWARDS THE
BRIGADIER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

15. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE, SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER IS AT HIS DESK, SIR
KEITH SITS IN A CHAIR NEARBY, BUT
STAHLMAN IS ON HIS FEET.

STAHLMAN: ...It would seem that this comes under the jurisdiction of the Medical Section or Security. It is a Personal problem - it has nothing at all to do with the technical side of this operation.

SIR KEITH: Professor, four men have died...

STAHLMAN: (ABRUPTLY) And I'm sorry about that. But it's not my responsibility.

SIR KEITH: ...Under most mysterious circumstances.

BRIGADIER: The Doctor seems to think that there is a direct connection between...

STAHLMAN: (FLAUNT) The Doctor ?
The Doctor ? He has no authority here !
How many more times do I have to repeat
that ? Furthermore, I strongly disapprove
of his continuing to hang around this place !

SIR KEITH: He came here at my invitation.
His calculus on Initial Stresses was
invaluable to this project. Without them...

STAHLMAN: I would have reached the
same conclusions, Sir Keith, if I had put
my mind to those specific problems.

SIR KEITH: He gave you the answers
in ten minutes. You had a team of mathem-
aticians working on the calculus for a
month !

BRIGADIER: Gentlemen, please ! I am
still waiting for some decision on my partic-
ular problems !

STAHLMAN: (OFFHAND) Deal with
them as you see fit, Brigadier.

THE DOCTOR COMES IN. HIS MANNER
IS ABRUPT. HE GOES STRAIGHT TO
STAHLMAN.

DR WHO: A question !

STAHLMAN: (TAKEN ABACK) Eh ?

DR WHO: Isn't anyone going to take
any notice of that computer out there ?

STAHLMAN: What are you jabbering
about ?

DR WHO: (INDIGNANTLY) I do not
jabber. My manner is both lucid and
precise.

SIR KEITH: What about the computer,
Doctor ?

DR WHO: It has been sending out
warning messages for hours.

STAHLMAN: I'm aware of that.

DR WHO: And aren't you going to
act on the information ?

STAHLMAN: The computer is over-
sensitive. It's data is unreliable.

DR WHO: You're talking about the
thing as though it was your maiden aunt !
How can a machine be over sensitive ? It
relays facts and figures.

STAHLMAN: My own calculations are more specific.

DR. WHO: (STEADILY) I'll tell you something that should be of vital interest to you, Professor Stahlman.

STAHLMAN: I doubt it.

DR. WHO: You, sir, are an apscabefason!

STAHLMAN: An apscabefason?

DR. WHO: An apscabefason. It's a descriptive word used by the Malverdenties, inhabitants of the planet Malverdia in the eleventh galactic cluster beyond Andromeda. Simply translated it means - a 'person with a head-full of sky'. Rather interesting really, considering the Malverdenties do not have heads as such. Nevertheless, the meaning is explicit. (DEFINITELY) You're a nitwit, sir.

STAHLMAN: (APPEALS TO THE OTHERS) The man should be locked up!

DR. WHO: Someone around here should be locked up!

PETRA COMES RUSHING IN.

PETRA: Professor!

STAHLMAN: Yes?

PETRA: (AGITATED) That jar of stuff... I think you'd better come and see for yourself! Quickly!

EVERYONE FILES OUT OF THE ROOM - FAST, HEADED BY STAHLMAN.

CUT TO:

1. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. SAME TIME.

IN CLOSE ON THE GLASS JAR. THE STUFF INSIDE IS PROTHING FURIOUSLY. A COUPLE OF HAIRLINE CRACKS HAVE APPEARED ON THE JAR.

STAHLMAN, FOLLOWED BY PETRA AND THE OTHERS, RUSHES TO THE TROLLEY.

PETRA: The substance seems to be boiling. I think the jar is going to shatter!

STAHLMAN: Stand back - everyone!

DR WHO: Professor, I wouldn't...

BUT BEFORE HE CAN FINISH STAHLMAN TAKES THE JAR IN HIS HANDS AND PLACES IT QUICKLY BACK IN THE BOX HE SNAPS BACK THE CLIPS.

DR WHO: (LAMELY) ...have touched that, if I was you.

STAHLMAN IGNORES HIM AND TURNS TO THE LAB TECHNICIAN.

STAHLMAN: Have that snap frozen immediately. (UP) Now can we all get back to work!

THE MAN WHEELS THE TROLLEY AWAY EVERYONE BREATHE A SIGN OF RELIEF. STAHLMAN RUBS HIS HANDS AS THOUGH HE HAD SCORCHED THEM.

PETER: Are you alright, Professor?

STAHLMAN: Yes, of course. The jar was a bit hot, that's all.

THE REMAINDER OF THE TECHNICIANS GET BACK TO THEIR JOBS. THE BRIGADIER GOES OUT THROUGH THE MAIN EXIT.

THE DOCTOR HAS RETURNED TO THE COMPUTER. LIZ IS WITH HIM.

SIR KEITH COMES UP TO STAHLMAN.

SIR KEITH: What about that computer?

STAHLMAN: What about it?

SIR KEITH: You can't just ignore it.

THEY WALK OVER AND JOIN LIZ AND THE DOCTOR AT THE MACHINE.

STAHLMAN: I prefer to use my own judgement. I have spent years on this project - I know the details surrounding it better than any machine.

DR WHO: (DRILY) I hope so - because its message is perfectly clear.

SIR KEITH: What information is it passing now, Doctor?

DR WHO: It advises that the drills be stopped immediately. The known facts have been digested - the conclusions reached by the machine are definite.

STAHLMAN: Nonsense.

DR. WHO: It warns of danger.
Terrible danger.

STAHLMAN: I've told you, the thing is unreliable.

DR. WHO: Please yourself. I've done as much as I to convince you. If you'll excuse me I shall return to my own work now.

THE DOCTOR MAKES A MOVE TO LEAVE.

STAHLMAN: (CALLS AFTER HIM)
I'm afraid we can't furnish you with any more nuclear power, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR TURNS.

DR. WHO: Why not?

STAHLMAN: We need all the energy we can get. I intend to accelerate the drilling by 1%.

HE TURNS TO THE TECHNICIAN AT THE SWITCH PANEL.

STAHLMAN: (SHOUTS TO THE TECHNICIAN) Shut off the power to the Doctor's hut. It is not to be reconnected under any circumstance.

DR. WHO: That's an incredibly childish attitude to take.

STAHLMAN IGNORES HIM AND MOVES TO THE DRILL-HEAD TUNNEL. PETRA FOLLOWS HIM.

SIR KEITH: (WEARILY) I - I'm sorry, Doctor.

DR. WHO: So am I, Sir Keith. So am I.

AND THE DOCTOR STALES AWAY. SIR KEITH EXITS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

CUT TO:

17. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA, SAME TIME.

AS STAHLMAN COMES IN. HE COLLECTS HIS CLIPBOARD FROM WHERE HE PUT IT DOWN IN SC 13. THEN HE TURNS TO PETRA.

STAHLMAN: We shall start the acceleration in exactly 25 minutes time. Have the Countdown advanced 12% - that will make the Estimated Time of Final Penetration about 49 hours from now. Have all the systems modified to this new programming.

PETRA: (HESITANTLY) Professor,
or, are - are you sure?

STAHLMAN: Can't I even depend on
your support? (PAUSE) Yes, Miss Will-
iams, I am positive.

AND HE TURNS BACK TO HIS WORK.
PETRA MOVES OUT.

AFTER SHE'S GONE STAHLMAN LOOKS
AT HIS LEFT HAND. ACROSS THE
PALM, WHERE IT'S BEEN IN CONTACT
WITH THE JAW, THERE IS A VIVID, THIN
GREEN LINE. HE TRIES TO RUB IT OFF
BUT THE MARK PERSISTS.

CUT TO:

1. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. SAME TIME

PETRA COMES IN AND STARTS RELAY-
ING SOME ORDERS TO A TECHNICIAN.

THE DOCTOR AND LIZ ARE CLOSE BY
THE MAIN EXIT.

DR WHO: (LOW) Liz, I want you
to return to the hut.

LIZ: But...

DR WHO: Don't ask any questions,
there's a good girl. Just go and check
that trigamma circuit on the console again,
will you?

LIZ SHRUGS AND EXITS.

THE DOCTOR AMBLES OVER TOWARDS
THE SWITCH PANEL, WHERE A TECH-
NICIAN EYES HIM SUSPICIOUSLY. BUT
THE DOCTOR GIVES HIM A CHEERY
WAVE AND THEN BECOMES COMPLETE-
LY ENGROSSED IN SOME GAUGES
NEARBY.

THEN PETRA COMES OVER TO THE
TECHNICIAN AND TALKS TO HIM. FOR
A FEW MOMENTS THE SWITCH PANEL
IS UNATTENDED. THE DOCTOR HAS A
QUICK LOOK AROUND TO MAKE SURE
HE'S NOT BEING WATCHED - THEN HE
SLIPS UP TO THE PLATFORM AND
THROWS THE NUCLEAR SWITCH (THE
ONE THAT SUPPLIES THE POWER TO
HIS HUT) TO THE 'ON' POSITION. HE
NIPS QUICKLY BACK TO THE GAUGES
- AND IS THERE BY THE TIME THE
TECHNICIAN HAS FINISHED TALKING
TO PETRA.

IN THE HANTING, STAHLMAN HAS
GONE BACK INTO CANAL CONTACT.
HE GOES OVER TO THE COMPUTER AND
PRETENDS TO BE CHECKING SOME
DATA THERE. THEN, SURREPTITIOUS-
LY, HE BENDS DOWN AND SLIPS SOMETHING
FROM THE SIDE OF THE MACHINE
AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET. HE
STRAIGHTENS UP AND MOVES TO THE
NEAREST DOORWAY, WHICH HAPPENS
TO LEAD TO THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE.

BUT THE DOCTOR HAS SEEN ALL THIS.
HE FOLLOWS HIM.

CUT TO:

19. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE, SAME ID

STAHLMAN OPENS THE DOOR CAUT-
IOUSLY, SEES THERE'S NO ONE THERE
AND COMES INSIDE. HE LOOKS
AROUND FOR A PLACE TO HIDE THE
THING HE'S TAKEN FROM THE COMPUT-
ER. HE PUTS IT ON THE BRIGADIER'S
DESK AND TAKES A HEAVY EBONY
RULER. WE CAN SEE THAT THE THING
IS A SMALL MICRO-CIRCUIT (ABOUT
HALF THE SIZE OF A POSTCARD). HE
LIFTS THE RULER AND IS ABOUT TO
SMASH IT DOWN ON THE MICRO-CIR-
CUIT - WHEN WE HEAR THE DOCTOR'S
VOICE FROM BEHIND HIM.

DR. WHO: (O.O.V) I wouldn't do
that, Professor.

STILL CLUTCHING THE RULER, STAHL-
MAN SWINGS ROUND AND SEES THE
DOCTOR STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.
QUICKLY HE STUFFS THE MICRO-
CIRCUIT BACK INTO HIS POCKET.

DR. WHO: It's a micro-circuit, I
should imagine. I saw you take it from the
computer.

STAHLMAN: (FURIOUS) Get out of
here!

DR. WHO: They call that sabotage,
you know. Very serious business.

THE DOCTOR COMES FORWARD.

STAHLMAN: (DESPERATE) Get back!

DR. WHO: That computer is a threat
to you, isn't it? It could prove you wrong.
The great Professor Stahlman thwarted by
a machine.

STAHLMAN: Eleven years I've worked
on this project - I know I'm right about it!

DR. WHO: Now be a good chap and give me that circuit.

BUT STAHLMAN RAISED THE EBONY RULER AND RUSHES AT HIM. VERY CALMLY THE DOCTOR LIFTS HIS HAND AND PLACES HIS FOREFINGER ON A POINT - IDKAY ALONG STAHLMAN'S COLLARBONE, JUST BELOW THE NECK. STAHLMAN GIVES OUT A YELP, DROPS THE RULER AND BECOMES IMMEDIATELY TRANSFIXED AND PARALYSED.

AT THAT MOMENT THE OTHER DOOR OPENS AND THE BRIGADIER COMES IN. AGHAST HE TAKES IN THE SCENE. THE DOCTOR KEEPS HIS FINGER ON THE PRESSURE POINT.

BRIGADIER: What the devil...

DR. WHO: (SMILES) It's an old trick I picked up from the Feltian people. They inhabit the -er- ninth galactic cluster. It's a sort of Feltian Karate. Very effective. Hold it long enough and the subject remains permanently paralysed.

BRIGADIER: For goodness sake, let him go!

DR. WHO: Certainly.

AND HE TAKES HIS FINGER AWAY. STAHLMAN UNFREEZES AND RUBS THE SPOT GINGERLY.

BRIGADIER: Now what on earth's going on here?

DR. WHO: (TO STAHLMAN) Shall I tell him - or will you?

STAHLMAN: (ICY COOL) Brigadier, I want this man expelled from the establishment immediately! That is an order. And I want it carried out now. I want him - and all his equipment - off this place within the hour. I shall hold you responsible if he is still here after that time.

AND BEFORE EITHER OF THEM CAN ANSWER HIM, STAHLMAN TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND GOES BACK INTO CENTRAL CONTROL. THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGADIER HURRY AFTER HIM.

DR. WHO: (CALLING) Now just a minute...

CUT TO:

20. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL, SAME TIME

AS STAHLMAN COMES IN, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGADIER.

DR. WHO: You can't do that...

STAHLMAN IGNORES HIM.

BRIGADIER: Professor, you must have some reason...

STAHLMAN: He's trying to sabotage this operation, Brigadier. His Security Clearance is revoked.

DR. WHO: (INDIGNANT) I'm trying to sabotage...? Ask him to show you what he's got in his left hand pocket. Go on, ask him!

BRIGADIER: Professor?

STAHLMAN: My pocket? (BEAT) Certainly.

AND STAHLMAN PULLS OUT THE LININGS OF BOTH HIS POCKETS. THEY ARE EMPTY.

DR. WHO: (AGHAST) Yes, but I... He had... You see, there was... (HE GIVES UP WITH A SIGH)

STAHLMAN: Now get him out of my sight!

AND STAHLMAN WALKS AWAY.

BRIGADIER: (RELUCTANTLY) Doctor, I'm sorry...

DR. WHO: Does he have the right?

BRIGADIER: I'm afraid so.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS OVER TO THE PANEL SWITCH. WE ZOOM IN TO SEE THAT THE POWER SWITCH TO HIS HUT IS STILL IN THE 'ON' POSITION. REASSURED BY THIS, THE DOCTOR SMILES.

DR. WHO: Oh well, I was getting rather bored with all this, anyway.

AT THAT MOMENT THE CHATTERING COMPUTER BEGINS TO RUN DOWN ABRUPTLY. A COUPLE OF TECHNICIANS RUSH OVER TO IT. THE MACHINE GRINDS TO A STOP..

BRIGADIER: Something's happened to the computer! It looks as though it's packing up.

DE WIT: (CASUALLY) Yes, I rather thought it might.

HE STICKS HIS HANDS DEEP INTO HIS POCKETS AND STALKS OFF. THE BRIGADIER WATCHES HIM GO - AND A WORRIED FROWN SETS ON HIS FACE. HE THEN MOVES OVER TO THE NOW SILENT COMPUTER.

AS SOON AS THE DOCTOR HAS GONE, STAHLMAN EDGES BACK TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE. HE LOOKS DOWN TO THE FLOOR. BESIDE THE WALL, WHERE HE DROPPED IT AS HE CAME OUT OF THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE, LIES THE MICRO-CIRCUIT. WITH ALL ATTENTION ON THE DEFUNCT COMPUTER, HE IS ABLE TO DELIBERATELY GRIND HIS HEEL INTO IT - AND THEN KICK THE SHATTERED PIECES INTO A DARKENED CORNER. THEN HE JOINS THE OTHERS AT THE COMPUTER.

PETRA: Professor, the main computer has broken down!

STAHLMAN: I'm not surprised. I kept telling everyone it was unreliable. Now we are going to have to go by my calculations, aren't we?

AND HE RETURNS TO HIS WORK.

CUT TO:

TK 3. Outside the Operational Building. Day.

The DOCTOR comes out of the main entrance of the Operational Building. He stops, looks over his shoulder - and then moves quickly to his car. He gets in, starts it and drives away, fast, in the direction of his hut.

Cut to:

21. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA. SAME TIME.

STAHLMAN COMES IN. HE STOPS IN THE CENTRE OF THE AREA - AND THEN MOVES OVER TO THE FAR END OF THE PLACE, AWAY FROM THE WORKING TECHNICIANS, AND TURNS HIS BACK ON THEM.

WE COME IN CLOST ON HIS HANDS. HE OPENS THEM AND STARES HARD AT THE GREEN MARK - NOW ON BOTH PALMS. THE LINE OF THE STAIN IS FRACTIONALLY THICKER, INDICATING THAT IT IS STARTING TO SPREAD.

THEN COPE IN CLOSE ON STAHLMAN'S FACE. SUDDENLY HIS FEATURES DISTORT, AS THOUGH HE WERE SUFFERING FROM AGONISING NIGHTMARE. HE PUTS HIS FINGERS UP TO HIS TEMPLES. THE MUSCLES OF HIS FACE SPASM AGAIN. THE ATTACK - OF WHAT? IT WAS - PAIN.

CUT TO:

TE 4. Outside the Doctor's Hut. Day.

The DOCTOR comes into view. That same UNIT SENTRY is still there. Again they exchange friendly nods.

The double doors swing open and the DOCTOR drives his car into the hut.

Cut to:

22. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT. SAME TIME.

AS THE DOCTOR'S CAR DRIVES IN, HE STOPS IT, TURNS OFF THE ENGINE AND GETS OUT. LIZ IS BUSY WORKING ON THE CONSOLE. THE DOCTOR COMES QUICKLY OVER TO HER.

DR WHO: Find any damage to the main circuits, Liz?

LIZ: A couple of by-pass wires were burnt out - but apart from that it seems alright.

DR WHO: Did you replace them?

LIZ: Yes.

DR WHO: Good, good.

HE GOES OVER TO THE CONTACT BREAKERS AND, UNSEEN BY LIZ, SWITCHES ON A SAFETY LIGHT. HE SMILES AS HE SEES A RED WARNING SIGNAL BLINKER. THE NUCLEAR POWER IS STILL CONNECTED.

LIZ: Now would you mind putting me in the picture? I mean, all that business in Central Control...

DR WHO: Just a little 'contretemps' between myself and Stahlman, that's all. Nothing of any importance.

THE DOCTOR COMES BACK TO THE CONSOLE AND BUSILY BEGINS TO CHECK IT OVER.

LIZ: Well, with the nuclear power cut off we're just wasting our time fiddling around with this thing, aren't we?

DR. WHO: No. No, I don't think so.

LIZ: At least you won't be able to make any more 'trial runs'.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT HER SHARPLY.

DR. WHO: It wasn't the console that was to blame for my last 'nightmare' journey, Liz. It was that sudden surge of nuclear power. It overloaded the circuits.

LIZ: I'm afraid you'll never know for sure, Doctor.

DR. WHO: (CASUALLY) Oh Liz, would you do me a favour?

LIZ: Yes?

DR. WHO: I wonder if you'd mind slipping back to Central Control?

HE SCRIBBLES SOME FIGURES ON A PIECE OF PAPER.

DR. WHO: I'd like you to feed these figures into a spare bank of the computer. Some epsilon coordinates.

SHE TAKES THE PAPER FROM HIM.

LIZ: Epsilon coordinates? You usually work those out in your head...

DR. WHO: (HASTILY) Yes, but I'm a little tired... It's been an eventful day - one way or another.

LIZ: Alright, Doctor.

AND LIZ GOES TO THE DOOR.

DR. WHO: Take my car if you want.

LIZ: You must be joking! I wouldn't drive that thing for all the minks in Alaska!

AND SHE GOES OUT.

DR. WHO: (GRUNTS) Thing? That's a vehicle of very great character!

AND THEN HE HURRIES EAGERLY BACK TO THE CONSOLE.

CUT TO:

FE 3. Outside the Doctor's Hut. Day.

As LIZ moves away from the hut.

The friendly SOLDIER smiles at her as he relaxes at his post.

Cut to:

23. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR BUSIES HIMSELF CLICKING SWITCHES ON THE CONSOLE AND CHECKING EVERYTHING OUT. HE WORKS WITH DETERMINED SPEED.

CUT TO:

EXT. Outside the Operational Building. Day.

LIZ approaches the building.

We cut away to the hidden corner of another building close by. The infected TECHNICIAN from the Main Switch Room is there, hiding, but watching LIZ's progress. He darts back out of sight as a patrolling BENTRY passes.

LIZ continues into the building.

Cut to:

24. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. SAME TIME

THERE'S A LOT OF ACTIVITY IN CENTRAL CONTROL. SUTTON HAS A GANG OF MEN BUSY LAYING A FLEXIBLE PIPELINE THROUGH TO THE DRILL-HEAD TUNNEL. STAHLMAN AND PETRA ARE MAKING FINAL PREPARATIONS TO ACCELERATE THE DRILLING PROGRAMME. AS HE CHECKS OVER SOME DETAILS WITH HER HE HAS TO MOVE AS THE PIPELINE IS LAID NEARBY.

STAHLMAN: That extra pipeline is not necessary.

PETRA: It's Mr Sutton's contribution, Professor. He feels that a standby supply of coolant might come in useful - when we make the final penetration of the strata.

STAHLMAN: Waste of time.

PETRA: But it won't do any harm.

STAHLMAN SHRUGS. HE HAS MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON HIS MIND. **DM** THEN HIS EYES LIGHT UP AS HE SEES THE TIME CHANGING ON THE COUNT-DOWN INDICATOR. IT SWITCHES FROM (APPROX:) 57HRS: 1MINS TO 49HRS: 41MINS.

STAHLMAN: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Ah, they've advanced the Countdown. Little more than 4 hours left to go now!

BUT PETRA DOESN'T SEEM TO SHARE HIS ENTHUSIASM.

WE MOVE OVER TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE AS LIZ COMES IN. SHE MOVES STRAIGHT OVER TO THE COMPUTER AND IS SURPRISED TO SEE THAT IT IS SILENT AND THAT THERE ARE TWO MAINTENANCE MEN WORKING ON IT.

THE BRIGADIER COMES UP BEHIND HER

BRIGADIER: It broke down a little while ago. The maintenance foreman says it might take hours before they're able to locate the trouble.

LIZ: Oh well, the Doctor will have to work out these calculations in his head after all.

SHE TURNS TO LEAVE, BUT THE BRIGADIER STOPS HER.

BRIGADIER: The Doctor sent you?

LIZ: Yes, I've just come from the hut.

BRIGADIER: But he was here when the machine broke down!

LIZ: Then why on earth...

BRIGADIER: Liz, Stahlman kicked him out. He's got an hour to get off this establishment. Didn't he tell you?

LIZ: No he didn't!

CUT TO:

25. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR IS MAKING HIS FINAL PREPARATIONS PRIOR TO TURNING ON THE POWER.

CUT TO:

26. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. SAME TIME

LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER AS WE LEFT THEM IN SC 24.

BRIGADIER: He sent you on a wild goose chase, Liz. He wanted to get you out of that hut. Why?

LIZ: (SUDDENLY) Another 'trial run' for the Tardis! (BEAT) But that's impossible. Stahlman ordered the power cut off...

SHE AND THE BRIGADIER TURN TO LOOK AT THE SWITCH PANEL. WE ZOOM IN AGAIN AND SHOW THE SWITCH STILL IN THE 'ON' POSITION. LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER EXCHANGE LOOKS

CUT TO:

27. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT, SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR IS OVER AT THE POWER BREAKERS. HE SLAMS THEM SHUT AND WATCHES AS THE POINTER ON THE MEGAVOLTAGE DIAL BEGINS TO CREEP OVER. SATISFIED THAT THE POWER IS BEING RELAYED THROUGH, HE HURRIES BACK TO THE CONSOLE AND THROWS A COUPLE OF SWITCHES THERE. IMMEDIATELY THE THING STARTS RATTLING AND WHIRRING AWAY, AS BEFORE.

CUT BACK TO:

28. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL, SAME TIME

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS DIM OMINOUSLY. LIZ, FOLLOWED BY THE BRIGADIER, MAKES A DASH FOR THE MAIN EXIT.

CUT TO:

29. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT, SAME TIME.

THE CONSOLE IS ACTIVATING. THE DOCTOR IS HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE AS IT BEGINS TO SHUDDER AND FLASH ALARMINGLY.

CUT TO:

TE. 7. Outside the Operational Building. Day.

As LIZ and the BRIGADIER come running out. The BRIGADIER points to his jeep standing nearby. They clamber quickly into it - and drive off with a squeal of tyres.

Cut to:

30. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL, SAME TIME

THE MAIN LIGHTS ARE STILL DIMMING INTERMITTENTLY. PETRA RUSHES TO STAHLMAN.

STAHLMAN: What's the matter with the lights?

PETRA: It's a nuclear power leak somewhere!

STAHLMAN: Find it - quickly! It may be... (STOPS) No, wait a minute!

HE LOOKS OVER TO THE SWITCH PANEL. WITH A BELLOW OF RAGE HE RUSHES OVER TO IT - AND THROWS THE 'HUT' SWITCH TO THE 'OFF' POSITION.

IMMEDIATELY THE LIGHTS COME UP AGAIN.

CUT TO:

TE. . Outside the Doctor's Hut, Day.

As the B-10401 jeep drives quickly in and pulls up outside the DOCTOR's hut. The LIEUTENANT Y salutes. LIZ and the B-10401 scramble out and go quickly inside.

Cut to:

31. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT, DAY & TIME.

LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER COME BURSTING IN. THEY STOP AT THE DOORWAY

FROM THEIR P.O.V. WE SEE THAT THE WHOLE PLACE IS STRANGELY QUIET. THE CAMERA PANS AROUND AND WE SEE THAT THE DOCTOR, HIS CAR AND THE CONSOLE HAVE DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY. THERE'S JUST A FAINT MARK IN THE CENTRE OF THE FLOOR WHERE THE CONSOLE ONCE STOOD.

FADE CUT.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.